EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. II.—No. 20. BOSTON, JUNE 12, 1887. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

WHY IT WAS THEY WENT TO THE OUTER LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

"I DON'T see, Sam, why they give you that job. I don't fancy it at all."

The speaker was known among his relatives as "Uncle John." He was a sallow-faced, dark-eyed man, who was apt to take a bilious view of life. He had come over to the house of his brother Sam to talk about an appointment as light-keeper that Sam had received. He now continued: "I don't see why our folks at Wash'n'ton did n't give you 't' other light,' — easier to get to, and every way more of a chance."

"Well, John, beggars must not be choosers," replied Sam, who was of a lighter style of complexion, and disposed to look at the world more hopefully. His brother's word, though, had an influence, and did not affect Sam encouragingly.

"You see out on that rock, Sam, — for that is what it is, a rock, — you have no chance for a gardin."

"I know it, John."

"You can't come ashore very handily. Now, if you could have had 't' other light,' as we call it, — the one up this way, — there is a good road from the light-house door to your old neighborhood here."

"I know it, John."

"Then, you see, Sam — "

"Now, Uncle John ! "

This was a new voice.

A young girl, perhaps thirteen, with a bright sunny face and resembling her father, Mr. Sam Long, here thrust her head inside the shed-door, where, seated on a low woodpile, the two brothers were discussing the late appointment of one of their number as light-keeper.

"Now, Uncle John, don't take a discouraging view of the situation. That what you call it? " said Emma May Long.

Both of the men looked up and laughed. Uncle John was whittling, but he threw away the piece of pine he was carving, and shutting his knife thrust it into his pocket. The latter action, translated, meant, "I can see a chance for an argument here, and I want to give all my attention to it."

"Now, Sis!" said Uncle John, patronizingly.

"No, sir; Emma May, if you please."

Here Uncle John haw-hawed.

"Well, have your own way. You deserve it once, anyhow, if you are goin' out to the 'outer light' to live. Let me ask you a few questions. Where 's your gardin? All rocks, you know. Too barren even for a sheep-pastur'."

"Take some soil there if we want to."

"Well, where 's your road to come home by? "

"Out in the water; and there 's plenty of stones to put a wall on both sides if you want it."

"Roads? "

"Why, where the ships go! Plenty of them! Real lively out there sometimes! "

"Oh, Sis ! "

"Emma May, please."

"Ha, ha! I don't see what good you can do out there."

"Me? He 'll find out, won't he, father, if he comes out to spend a day? We will give him a feast."

Uncle John here took his knife out again and went to whittling. This signified that he had closed his side of the argument and was now contented to receive information simply.

"Well, Sam, if it 's goin' to be Paradise out there, tell us when you are goin'? "

"Next week, I understand. Em and I are goin' alone. Wife, you know, is away, and Em and I think we will let her have her visit out. Em, who has been housekeeper for me, will start me out there. We don't think it worth while to have her mother give up her visit."

"No; I should think she had better make her visit out, for she won't have much chance out there to enjoy anything."

"No, Uncle John; out there we don't expect to do much visiting. You are going to do that. We shall stay at home to entertain folks."

"I expect to have to take a pie with me, any way, when I do come. You will probably be half-starved."

"All right, Uncle John! Bring what you please, only bring yourself."

"That 's hospitable, Sis."

"Emma May, please."

The next week Sam Long and his daughter were at the "outer light." It was as lonely a spot as could be imagined, — just an immense cap of granite thrust above the centre, and in its centre was the light-house, a kind of knob on the cap. Besides the light-house were three other structures, — the keeper's residence, a shed, and a tall piece of framework from whose summit swung a fog-bell. If it had had three legs, this would have been a tripod; as it had more, it was something else, and what, he who builded must tell.

"Now, father," said Emma May, with her indomitable cheerfulness, "we are going to have things pleasant and get them ready for mother. Kitchen looks homelike! " She stood in silence and with a contented look surveyed the humble but cosey kitchen, the chairs, the table, the stove; and to her ear the clock on the wall had as homelike a sound as if ticking in the old farm-house three miles away.

"It does look slick," said the keeper, to whose paternal eye the most interesting object in the room was Emma May herself.

"Now, father, I want a bushel of earth; just nice, black earth, you know, — what we get at home."

"What for? "

"Why, I have some packages of seed bought, and I have a few flower-pots and cans and boxes, and before mother gets here I will have my seed planted, any way. When she gets here it will seem as if a garden had started for the light-house, though it has n't arrived, and the start will look pleasant."

When Mrs. Sam Long reached the "outer light" she looked at the window-ledges within, and the spaces under the windows and around the doors without, and exclaimed, "Why, it looks like a garden! "

And yet, besides Emma May's few flower-pots, there was only a collection of cans and boxes labelled "Corn," "Squash," "Starch," "Soap." Within these varied vessels, though, were labels bearing the tantalizing names, "Mignonette," "Balsams," "Nasturtiums," "Morning Glories," "Verbenas." It was now spring. Later in the season the labelled sticks in these flower-receptacles were smothered under a profusion of foliage and blossoms.

"Can't go to church to-day ! " said Mrs. Long, glancing out of the window at a gray, drizzly sky that roofed the dwellers of this big, lonely ledge in the sea. It was the very next Sunday after her arrival.

"Might have something here," suggested Emma May, glancing at the old melodeon brought from home, and its companion, her father's violin.

"Why not? " said the light-keeper.

What comforting strains the melodeon and violin gave forth that day in the little apartment that was sitting-room and parlor and library! There were big sea-shells on the mantel-shelf, left there by former keepers, and forever saying over the hushed, dreamy notes learned at the bottom of the sea. If to these were added the sweetness of "Boylston" and "St. Martin's," "Arlington" and "Ward," what music-boxes those shells must have become that day!

"Em, if you 'll read something in the Psalms, I 'll try to — ahem! "

Keeper Long did not finish in word, but after Emma May had read from the old family Bible, her father on his knees told God what he meant.

There were stormy days at the light, when the sea rose up in terrible fury, frowned, scolded, and intimated that it would not have that light-house there any longer. Its wrath, though, was in vain; and up out of the waves towered the stubborn old ledge crowned with its steadfast light. Then came the days of fair weather, when the ships went sailing proudly by, or when some fishing-smack, outward bound, would halt off the light and ask that a forgotten message might be sent home "by the very next chance." The light-house tender, who visited all the lights in that government district, would call and leave needed supplies of a varied nature. One expected arrival, however, did not take place.

"Where 's Uncle John? " inquired Mrs. Long of her husband. "I thought he was coming down to see us."

"Oh, he says, when I see him, that our comin' is a mistake; that I ought to have had 't' other light;' that I have gone out of the world, and he don't understand why it is."

"If Uncle John will come here, he can see for himself," said Emma May, energetically.

"Why, there goes a fisherman," said the keeper, looking out of a window. "It is comin' on foggy, too. I don't know but what I shall have to keep that fog-bell a-goin'. It is rather thick over toward the Neck."

The Neck was a mile and a half away, and when the fog veiled with its gray folds the dark-green pines on the Neck, the fog-bell must be sounded. The mist, though, that made its threats of advance, would also make occasional retreats, and then sulkily charge once more.

"Em," said her father, "if I have n't forgot to trim my lamp and rub my lens up in the lantern; and what if it should come on thick while I am up there! "

"Don't you worry, father! " said the invincible young female. "We will look after the bell, won't we, mother? No, mother has a cold. I will find a substitute for her."

Up the light-house stairs climbed the keeper, and he stood at last in the lantern. He gave one hasty look through the glass that enclosed the lantern, and exclaimed, "Neck is a-goin' ! "

Down below, at another window, Emma said, "The Neck has gone! I must start up that bell." She put on her waterproof, hurried out to the tall signal-frame, and seizing the rope dangling from a beam slowly tolled the fog-bell. *Ding! Ding! Ding!* How its tones of warning echoed over the restless waters!

"Hark ! " said a perplexed boatman out on the sea. "How this fog bothers me ! Don't know

which way to go! Hark! There 's that fog-bell. Don't that sound good? I 'll go by that."

The sound was followed, and a boat came out of the fog and landed at the light. Emma May was steadfastly pulling, when a voice behind her said, "Sis, this you?"

"Emma May, please, Uncle John! Glad to see you!"

"Ha, ha! I went off a-fishin' and got bothered in the fog, and did n't think it was you pullin' that bell."

"Now, Uncle, do you know why — why we came down here? You wondered at it. It was to pick up poor bewildered folks like you. But you said you would bring a pie when you came."

"Dear me, Emma May, if I did n't eat it up, and I am fearful hungry."

"Well, we shall be delighted to take care of you. You see we had a mission here."

Uncle John laughed, while the bell went *Ding! Ding! Ding!*

A FEW PAPER FLOWERS.

BY MISS F. E. WADLEIGH.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Addie Russell as she laid down her book; "there is so much that some people can do for others, and nothing for me!"

"Nothing!" exclaimed her aunt Lizzie.

"Oh, I know what you are going to say, Auntie, — that one can do one's duty at home, mind one's parents, and so on. But I mean something more; something for outside folks. Since I hurt my ankle I cannot do any errands for Mamma or save her any steps, as I used to try to do; but it seems as if there might be a little work for even a half-lame child. Can't you think of something?"

"Yes, I can; but I fear it will not meet with your approval."

"Then it will be a good discipline for me to try it," answered Addie, with a smile. She knew to what Auntie referred, — an old trick she was trying to break herself of, a trick of saying "Oh, I don't like *that!*" when another person would suggest anything. "Tell me what it is, and I will make myself like it."

"Do you remember how much one of my Sunday-school boys admired those paper flowers you were making just before Christmas? Why would it not be a good idea to offer to teach four or five of my class how to make them?"

"Would they like it, Auntie — boys?"

"I rather fancy they would; don't you remember a teacher in one of the vacation schools last summer said that the boys there were eager to learn?"

"I 'll try it, anyway, if you will tell me which boys will be most likely to take to the work."

"To-morrow is Sunday; shall I tell them that any who wish to do so may come here Monday evening directly after supper?"

This plan was agreed to and carried out; but in her heart Addie did not have any faith in the project. However, she got her materials all ready, — scissors, brightly-tinted tissue-paper, mucilage, cotton (to form the calyx), and wire for the stem of each flower, and her mother cleared the big table in the dining-room for her use.

Precisely at seven o'clock the bell rang and in marched five boys (Auntie had but eight in her whole class), with uncommonly clean faces and hands. The sight of so large a class cheered Addie amazingly, and she went to work with a will, talking pleasantly about the proper colors and shapes for the different blossoms. Buttercups were easy to do, so she began with them; and it was surprising to see the pleasure those rough-looking Irish boys showed when Addie said that they might keep all the flowers they made.

Thursday was set for the second lesson; and this time Danny Shea, a bright-eyed, curly-headed twelve-year-old, ventured to ask Addie if she could show him how to make a little bouquet.

"I took those buttercups to my mother, who 's in the hospital with a broken leg, and she almost cried to think that I made them myself for her. She laid them on her pillow right where she could see them," he said.

"Who keeps house for you now your mother is away?" asked Addie.

"My biggest sister; there 's only four of us, beside my father, — her and me and the two little ones."

"Is she grown up?"

"No, indeed; she 's fifteen her next birthday, but she 's big and strong, and she tries hard to cook so we can eat the things as we did when my mother did them."

"Only fifteen!" exclaimed Addie. "Just my age, and she has to take care of such a family!"

The next time the boys came, Addie was eager to hear about the sick woman and about the hard-working sister; and one of the other boys, a crony of Danny's, volunteered the remark that when Mrs. Shea got well, Norah (the young housekeeper) was going to get Danny to teach her how to make the flowers; for a man had told her she might put them in his store to sell.

"Oh, that is a good idea!" cried Addie; "but, Danny, you tell her I will be delighted to teach her all that I know about them, and I have been told that I make them very nicely. Can she possibly get an hour or two now to come and learn?"

A kindly neighbor, glad that Norah was going to learn to do something to earn a penny, offered to look after things for her three mornings in the week, and in a very short time the quick-witted Irish girl surpassed her teacher.

Several weeks passed; Addie's ankle had got quite well, and she was so busy at her lessons, trying to make up for the time lost while she was at home, that she almost forgot this little episode.

She was coming home from school one afternoon when she was accosted by a bright-eyed girl who said: "Excuse me, please, but I am Norah Shea, whom you taught to make those pretty flowers, and I want to tell you that I can never thank you enough for your kindness. It 's not only been the means of giving me the chance of earning a good many dollars and yet be at home to help the mother, who 's not quite strong, but it 's been everything to Danny; it has given him and some of the other boys a nice amusement to keep them out of the streets, and it has taught them to be careful how their faces and hands look, and to examine the pretty flowers instead of picking them to pieces. Ah, Miss Addie, if ladies would only take a little more thought for the *minds* of the poor people, and show the young ones how to do things! It is n't alms we want, but to know how to earn our own living!"

Addie repeated these words to her aunt and added: "Oh, Auntie, how little I realized what a few bits of tissue-paper and a few hours of my abundant time might do for those boys! I must confess that when you proposed the plan I did not believe a single boy would come."

He who takes pleasure in evil reports will soon become an evil speaker.

History and Biography.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

BY ANNIE DARLING.

Among the tales of long ago it is not always that of the brave exploit of a king, the writing of a famous book, or the chivalrous deed of some great courtier that may interest us most; but many a hidden act, unknown it may be to human eyes until years after, that will touch the tender heart-chords and make them vibrate and thrill with admiration and wonder.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, when her Court was filled with all the gorgeous elegance of some Eastern country; when men of fashion and rank and learning were gathered together as they had never been before, there lived a man called Philip Sidney, the author of "Arcadia," and one of the Court favorites of Queen Elizabeth. He was born in Penshurst in the year 1554, and was the nephew of the Earl of Leicester, whom Sir Walter Scott has so vividly depicted in his novel "Kenilworth." Philip Sidney, after receiving his education at Shrewsbury School and Oxford, quickly rose in the favor of his sovereign, and the year after his return from college was sent on an embassy to Paris, where he witnessed the terrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew. After travelling on the Continent he was, on his return to England, sent on an embassy to Germany. It was while living with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, in 1580, that for her amusement Sidney wrote his pastoral romance "Arcadia," which was not published until after his death. The next year he wrote his fine literary criticism the "Apologie for Poetrie." At the age of twenty-eight Sidney was knighted by Elizabeth, and soon after married the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. It was in September, 1586, that this brave and noble man received the wound which soon after proved fatal, and robbed the English Court of one termed by his queen "the jewel of her dominions." On the 22d of September, while making a brilliant charge with a few English soldiers upon a large troop of cavalry before the walls of Zutphen, Sir Philip Sidney received a severe wound. Suffering with pain and thirst, he asked for water; but as he was about to raise it to his lips, a wounded soldier, as he was being carried by, looked at the water so longingly, that with Christian nobleness and love Sir Philip instantly gave the water to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Though but the deed of an instant, it has been remembered through all these years, testifying in its simple and touching beauty to the promise that "whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward." Shortly before his death Sir Philip was asked to give some sign to testify of his peace with God. Instantly his hands were folded upon his breast in the attitude of prayer, and in this position they remained until the passing spirit took its flight.

Thus came to him that "old, old fashion, — the fashion that came in with our first garments and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll, — the old, old fashion, Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality!"

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right.

Our Letter-Box.

ROSLINDALE, May 1, 1887.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I don't see many letters in the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, but I think the stories are splendid. I have not seen any answers referring to the finding out how many times children appeared in the Gospels, so I hunted them up. These are all I could find: Matt. i. 18, 23; ii. 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 16, 18, 20, 21; iii. 9; v. 9, 45; vii. 11; vi i. 12; x. 21, 42; xi. 16, 19; xii. 27; xiii. 38; xiv. 21; xv. 26, 38; xvii. 18, 25, 26; xviii. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 25; xix. 13, 14, 29; xx. 20; xxi. 15, 16; xxii. 24; xxiii. 31, 37; xxiv. 19; xxvii. 25, 56. Mark vii. 27, 28; ix. 21, 24, 36, 37, 42; x. 13, 14, 15, 24, 29, 30; xii. 19; xiii. 12, 17. Luke i. 7, 16, 17, 41, 44, 59, 66, 76, 80; ii. 5, 12, 16, 17, 21, 34, 40, 43; iii. 8; v. 34; vi. 35; vii. 32, 35; x. 21; xi. 7, 13; xiv. 26; xvi. 8; xviii. 15, 16, 17, 29; xix. 44; xx. 28, 29, 31, 34, 36; xxi. 23; xxiii. 28. John iv. 49; xi. 52; xii. 36; xiii. 33; xvi. 21.

This is all. Please to print this in the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

Yours truly,

ADA I. SADLER.

P. S. I had great fun looking for children.

A. I. S., 10 years.

WE are very much pleased with your letter, Ada, and we ask Hattie P. K. to notice it particularly. We were sorry it reached us too late for No. 18 or even No. 19. Is it not surprising, Hattie, that we should have found only *nine* verses that Ada has not, while she has given us *thirty* that we overlooked? We have found this search so interesting that we print here for Ada the references to those nine verses: Matt. ix. 15; xi. 25; xxiii. 15. Mark ii. 19. Luke ii. 27; ix. 38, 42, 47, 48. John xxi. 5. For Hattie we give below those we know she will be interested to find. We hope that this search has interested others of our readers. Only think, we have found more than one hundred verses in the four Gospels in which children are mentioned!

Matt. ii. 16, 18.	Matt. xxiii. 37.	Luke i. 16, 17, 41, 44.
Matt. x. 42.	Matt. xxiv. 19.	Luke ii. 12, 16, 21.
Matt. xiv. 21.	Matt. xxvii. 25, 56.	Luke xi. 13.
Matt. xvii. 25.	Mark ix. 24, 42.	Luke xviii. 15, 17.
Matt. xix. 13.	Mark x. 13, 24.	Luke xix. 44.
Matt. xxii. 24.	Mark xiii. 17.	Luke xxi. 23.
John xvi. 21.	John xxiii. 33.	

CROSS AND SQUARE, No 3.

* * * * * * *
* * *
* * *
* * * * * * *
* * *
* * *
* * * * * * *

SQUARE. — *Upper line:* A great ruler and a wise man. *Left line:* A city of the Persians in which both Daniel and Nehemiah passed a part of their lives. *Lower line:* The capital of Assyria to which Jonah was sent to prophesy. *Right line:* An idol worshipped in that city, represented as having the head of an eagle with the body of a man.

CROSS. — *Horizontal:* A judge of Israel who slew six hundred of the Philistines with an ox-goad. (See Judges and I Samuel.) *Perpendicular:* A chemical substance.

ACROSTIC VII.

1. A Tetrarch of Judea who is famous for his bloody deeds. One terrible edict of his is mentioned by Matthew.
2. A country in which part of Jesus' infancy was passed.
3. The title of a book written by Saint John.
4. A mount in Palestine about which cluster many memories of Jesus.
5. The city to which Paul was journeying for the purpose of persecuting the Christians there when he was so wonderfully converted.
6. The surname of the least worthy of the Disciples.
7. A great city of Greece, in which Paul made one of his most famous speeches.
8. The first Christian martyr.

Answer: A wicked woman who is famous for having caused the death of him who preceded Christ.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Ornoh hyt rfthae nad mheotr.
2. Ledsesb rae hte icfulmre ofr thye ahsll inobat ymcer.
3. Huot aslht ont easlt.
4. A odog mnae si tterbe tahn repcouis tionmnet.

BERTHA J. CHUTE, age 11.

ANSWER TO NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA IN No. 18.

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

46. See Exodus xii. 1 to 37.

47. The plagues of blood, of frogs, of lice, of flies, of the murrain of beasts, of boils, of hail, of locusts, and of darkness. See Exodus, chapters vi., viii., ix., and x.

48. Every trace of leaven (yeast) was put away from the houses, and every male Israelite repaired to Jerusalem to present himself at the Temple with an offering of money.

49. The offering of burnt sacrifices and the wave-offering, both of which took place in the Temple; and the Paschal Supper, which was partaken of in the houses.

50. See Numbers xxviii. 18 to 26.

For Youngest Readers.

BERGIT AND LARS.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

FAR away, across the blue ocean, is a country called Norway. In Norway the winters are long and cold, and for many months snow and ice lie deep over the land. But when the summer comes, the snow melts away, the lakes sparkle in the sunshine, and the whole land is green and beautiful.

Bergit lived on a farm at the foot of the mountains. The land sloped down to the seashore, where the waves rolled up on a yellow, sandy beach.

Bergit's house was a large two-story wooden dwelling, painted red. It had a high roof with painted gables, on which an iron weather-cock swung merrily. The inside was very different from anything you have ever seen. The hall was a long low room, with many windows. It had a stone floor, and two big fireplaces where whole trunks of trees were burned in winter. It was here that the family ate, and the servants sat after work was over. The parlor was a smaller room with a wooden floor. Bergit liked this room because it was painted bright blue, with clusters of roses everywhere. Back of the house was a thick wood; up on the mountain-side were green pastures, where the cattle went to feed in the summer. At the right of the house were sheds and barns, where whole troops of cows, horses, goats, lambs, ducks, and hens lived happily. Here also was the house of the farmer. Great fields of corn, oats, and rye were about the house; a wild mountain-brook came dashing down, under the very windows. There was plenty of music at the farm. The ducks quacked, roosters crowed, doves cooed on the roof, little birds sang in the wood, and Lars and Bergit shouted at their play.

Bergit was seven, and her mother's only child. Lars was the son of the farmer who helped Bergit's father carry on the place. Lars was eight years old, larger and stronger than Bergit. He owned a goat, some rabbits, five ducks, and a flock of hens.

Lars lived in the farm-house by the brook-side. It was a long low house, with a flat roof, on which grass and little flowers were growing. Back of the house was a low cliff where the goats fed. Often they would jump down on the roof and eat the grass that sprouted out of the shingles.

Bergit and Lars often went to play in the fir-wood. They had several houses there. One was up in a tree, one under a rock, and one was a bower woven of branches. There were many wild rabbits in the wood. It was great fun to see their short tails bobbing about. The children often tried to catch a rabbit, but little Bun was always too quick for them. Sometimes they gathered strawberries. Often they found great branches of wild roses. The wood was very thick and long, but the children were never lost. A play-fellow went with them, — a great brown dog, with a white breast, whose name was Nils.

As I told you, the cattle were driven every summer to the mountain-pasture. The young girls and men stayed there to take care of them and make the butter and cheese. Bergit was allowed to go and stay a week every summer. This was the greatest treat of the year. It was a pretty sight when all the cattle went. The cow that led was decked with ribbons and flowers, and had a bell about her neck. The young people sang merry songs, and everybody came out to see them pass.

On the mountain were some log huts where the people lived and made the butter and cheese. Lars's father and mother went to take charge of things. Bergit rode before her mother on the brown horse, and Lars was tucked between father and mother on the old bay.

On the mountain the children picked berries, or followed the young people who watched the cattle. Sometimes Bergit tried to help in the butter, or made a little cheese to carry home.

You can see what good times came to Bergit and Lars in that far-away country. — *From "Little People" by permission of the publishers.*

SUMMER HAS COME.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THREE QUEER SPIDERS.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

A good many years ago a lady named Madame Merian saw some wonderful spiders in Surinam. Their bodies were from two to three inches long, and when the legs were extended they covered a space eight or ten inches in diameter, or as large as a good-sized dining-plate. These spiders attacked and killed the little birds.

Madame Merian made a drawing of one which she caught in this act, and sent home her drawing, together with some description of the habits of the spider. The learned men of that day were indignant. They could not believe that any such immense and powerful spider existed in the world. They questioned the truth of Madame's story, and even said disrespectful things about the lady.

But since then a great many travellers and naturalists have seen these spiders, and they have found that all she told, and even more, is true; for it is now known that they kill small creatures as well as birds. They are extremely ferocious, — hunting and springing upon their prey by surprise, instead of entrapping it in webs like other spiders. The scientific people have given them the name of *Mygale avicularia*, or Bird-catching spider. They are very ugly fellows to look at, being clothed in a suit of coarse red and gray hair. But rough as they seem, they are as luxurious as a fine lady in some of their habits, — building for themselves dwellings on the inside of which they hang layer upon layer of the softest silken stuff.

When the children of that country catch one of these spiders they will often tie a string around its waist and lead it about as if it were a pet animal. They have to be very careful in touching it, however, for its coarse hairs are easily shed; and if one penetrates the skin it causes a fiery irritation which is most painful.

The mason-spider is sometimes called the trap-door spider; this insect is also of large size, being usually an inch and a half long, and is a native of the south of France.

When she wishes to build a home for herself she looks about for a bare piece of ground sloping in such a way that the water will run off it. Into this earth she digs a passage-like tube, sometimes as much as two feet in length, and just high and broad enough for her to walk through it easily. She upholsters it, Professor René tells us, "with a tapestry of silk glued to the walls."

The entrance to this house is covered with a round lid, or door, made of earth, into which she has kneaded silk to strengthen and bind it together. She leaves this lid rough upon the top, making it look just as nearly as possible like the earth around it, and succeeds so well that a stranger is surprised when he sees a hole open in the apparently unbroken ground at his feet, and a great spider peer out to see what is going on. The inside of the door, however, is lined thickly with her delicately spun silks. Next she begins to manufacture a hinge for it. This she makes of many strands of a silk so tough that it cannot be readily broken, which she weaves to and fro between the inside of the nest and the lid. When completed, it is easily pushed open from the inside, and when opened, shuts itself by its own weight. Cutting through the silken lining on the side opposite the hinge, she now makes a curved row of little holes. One would hardly guess their use, but they serve her as a fastening. Whenever an attempt is made to raise the door from the outside, the spider hooks her hind legs into these holes, and her fore ones into the side of her house, and, holding on with all her might, usually succeeds in keeping the door tightly shut. Even when it has been half opened she is often able to pull it together again. If she wishes to leave home, which she frequently does to go hunting, she raises her lid, comes out, lets it fall, and all is secure. Returning, she opens it with her claws and walks in again.

The water-spider is very much smaller than the mason-spider, her body being little more than an eighth of an inch in length. She is brown, with a darker spot upon her back, and looks like some of our house spiders; but her habits are quite different.

She makes her home under the water, where she builds the prettiest nest you can imagine. In size and shape it is like a large thimble, or half a pigeon's egg. It is made of silk so white and shining that it looks like spun silver; and she has been named, because of it, *Argyronete*, or spinner of silver. It is very strong, though it is half transparent, and is really a true diving-bell; for this spider, like all others, must have air to breathe, although she lives underneath the water.

How this necessary air is to be provided is a problem that might well puzzle the wisest of men. The water-spider manages it in this way: After she has finished building her house, she comes to the surface of the water, and lying upon her back, breathes strongly, drawing in as much air as she possibly can. At the same instant she seems to grasp a bubble of air, which she holds in a most extraordinary manner; not only entangled in the hairs with which her body is covered, but clasped by her two hinder legs, which — at the moment of seizing the bubble — she crosses at a sharp angle just below the extremity of her abdomen. Cautiously, but with the utmost speed, she now dives beneath the water, enters her nest, there deposits her bubble, and also gives out the air with which her whole body seems distended. This little store of air rises to the top of her dome-like dwelling and pushes out a portion of the water with which it is filled. Again the spider rises to the surface and repeats this feat, which she continues to do until her house is furnished with a supply of air sufficient for her needs; and this will require, perhaps, as many as a hundred journeys. As the air gradually becomes exhausted by use, she replaces it in the same manner.

After all is quite finished she takes her place in her nest, lying with her head lowered beneath its edge, watching for her prey. This consists of the small insects and worms which live in the water; and when she kills one of them she invariably carries it into her house and eats it there.

Either because she possesses a strong love of locality, or from some other cause, she is apt to build her nest year after year in the same spot.

THE MUSIC-LESSON.

BY S. LOUISA HARRIS.

"What beautiful pictures and bits of poetry there are in this new number of the 'St. Nicholas'!" said Arthur Bond, as he drew his chair to his mother's side.

Mrs. Bond dropped her sewing to look over his shoulder. At that moment the door opened suddenly, and Katie Bond entered, exclaiming, as she threw herself into a rocking-chair, "Oh, Mother! our new music-teacher insists upon having every pupil step upon the platform to sing the scales alone, and we are all frightened out of our wits at the thought. I, for one, simply cannot do it; my tongue gets so dry, and the cold chills creep over me for very fear! I almost wish there was no such thing as music."

"I hope my daughter did not allow herself to refuse the request of her teacher," replied Mrs. Bond.

"Yes, I did," continued Katie. "I was too frightened to sing."

"Katie was afraid to 'face the music,'" said Arthur.

If Katie had known that all boys enjoy teasing their sisters "just to hear what they will say," she would have remained silent. As it was, the flush came to her cheek and the flash to her eye, as she retorted, "I guess you would n't like to stand up before the whole school and be laughed at for your mistakes!"

The quiet "That will do" from Mrs. Bond put an end to what might have become a dispute.

"I think," said Arthur, "Shakespeare must have felt as you do when he said, 'Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.'"

Katie felt mollified by this comparison, and her face wore a calmer expression. At length she said, "Mother, why don't you say something?"

"I was thinking," returned Mrs. Bond, "that my daughter has a painful disease of the mind."

"What is it?" said Katie.

"Self-consciousness, my dear, which arises from too strong a desire to have people think well of us."

"But is n't it right to want people to think well of us?" said Katie.

"Yes," replied her mother; "but not to the extent of deceiving them for the sake of it."

"Why, Mother!" exclaimed Katie, "I have not been deceiving anybody."

"Not intentionally, my dear; but when you refuse to sing for fear of making a mistake and being laughed at, it is because you wish to cover a weakness which you think you possess, instead of trying to conquer it. There is no real pleasure in being respected for what we are not. You have a mission, even at school, in simply doing your duty. Those schoolmates who wish to do right will take courage from your example, and the foolish will be silenced by your victory over yourself. Such victories are all prayers to have God's will done on earth as it is in heaven."

"Dear Mother, I see it all," said Katie; "and to-morrow, when I am called upon to sing, I shall go forward feeling that is one way to be a missionary, and that a music-lesson may be a prayer."

GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.

The stories of Greek mythology strike us as much by the truth they convey as by their great poetic beauty.

Glaucus was a fisherman who cheerfully pursued his tasks, rejoicing when they were well rewarded, and when his nets showed small yields hoping for better success next day. One afternoon he left the shady river-bank where he usually lingered, and sought a distant and lonely island in the midst of the rushing stream. The grass grew tall, showing that it had never been cropped by the cattle; and, on looking about, Glaucus perceived that no human foot had ever visited the beautiful spot.

"How fortunate am I!" exclaimed he; "if I cast in my net, no doubt I shall be rewarded by abundance of fish."

He did so; and behold! the net was stretched to its utmost as he drew the pearly heap on shore. But now appeared a marvel; the fish not only fluttered about as is their way when captured, but they escaped from the net and rapidly betook themselves back to the water.

"Have I offended some god," thought Glaucus when he had overcome his astonishment, "or is this island enchanted?" He walked about to examine it, and finally broke some of the sweet herbs and tasted them. At once he was drawn to the river-side, and he could not resist the impulse to plunge into the blue waters.

Then for the first time he knew the delight of swift movement. The water offered no resistance to him; on the contrary, it seemed lighter than the air, and Glaucus darted forward on his way to the ocean, swifter than the nimble fish. Now he understood the reason. He had been transformed, and was no longer a man but a sea-deity. His flowing locks were green like the waves, his body was broadened, and his limbs had become a fish's tail. Up from the depths swam the other sea-gods to welcome him to their kingdom.

Glaucus now entered into the delights of his new abode. He dived to the bottom of the ocean to view the marvels there; he saw wonderful, beautiful sea-weeds, branching corals, and living things stranger than any he supposed existed; he wandered near new coasts, some with long white beaches, and others with frowning rocks where the water cast itself abroad in spray.

Once he saw a lovely maiden who had just come from her bath in a quiet cove not far from the spot that had once been his home. Every day he watched for her coming, and now his only wish was to have Scylla for his companion. He swam near and tried to tell her that he was only a sea-god in form; but she fled away in fear.

Then he sought Circe the great sorceress. He told his story and begged her to cast some spell over Scylla. "Then she will be my friend," he said, "and come and live in the blue sea."

But Circe was ever jealous of admiration bestowed upon others. She laughed at his folly, as she called it. "Love those who love you," said she, — "not a foolish maiden who fears the very sound of your voice. Can a mortal appreciate a god?"

Glaucus answered that he cared only for Scylla, and that he should do so forever. Circe did not let him know her intentions, and he supposed that she was soon to grant his wishes. When he had gone, she showed her true nature. To those willing to ask Circe's aid she appeared a most beautiful woman; but alone, performing her wicked deeds, her scowling face showed the malice, hate, and revenge that were within her.

She gathered her most poisonous herbs and obtained their juices, over which she breathed her wicked prayers. Then she went to Scylla.

For many days the maiden had not frequented her beloved resort; but now Circe, assuming the form of her dearest friend, lured her thither. Here she began to mutter her incantations over her, and Scylla in horror leaped into the water, only to find herself transformed into a frightful monster with snakes for hair and a troop of barking hounds surrounding her. In this shape she has since remained, a terror to mariners, since her spirit changed with her form, and she devours all those that fall into her power.

Does not this story show us that if we take base means to obtain our wishes we are not only losers ourselves, but those are injured whom our wishes concern?

People are too ready to suspect, and sometimes it is only by fortunate circumstances that accused people are able to clear themselves from gross charges. An instance: A postman in England who had charge of a letter containing a large check was accused of theft; the affair was investigated, and, according to the report, "it was ultimately found among the straw of a kennel, torn into fragments, but no pieces missing. The postman had duly delivered the letter, having, at the request of the addressee, pushed it with others under the front door, and some puppies had carried it to the kennel and torn it."

ANCIENT ARMOR.

War is a very different matter now from what it was before the discovery of gunpowder. Battles are generally fought and won while most of the soldiers of the two armies are widely separated from each other. In olden times warriors with spears and swords fought hand to hand. Those on horseback covered their bodies from head to foot with armor, usually made of steel, so that the blow of the sword or the thrust of the spear should not hurt them. The museums of Europe are full of suits of such armor. Some of it looks so heavy that one wonders how a knight could fight with it as fiercely as Richard the Lion-hearted and others are said to have done. In the Bible frequent mention is made of armor, from the time that David went out to fight against Goliath until Paul wrote his letter to the Ephesians. Quite a full description is given of the armor worn by the Philistine giant. We read that David tried on Saul's armor, but found it too heavy, and decided to trust simply to his sling and to the help of God.

Methods of warfare between man and man change, new inventions give new weapons of offence and of defence; but the spiritual conflict each one of us must wage against sin remains the same in all ages. No inventions will enable us to lay aside any part of that armor of which Paul speaks in the sixth chapter of Ephesians, — what he calls "the whole armor of God." — *Selected.*

Teachers' Department.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL NORMAL CLASS.

[From an address given at the Unitarian Sunday-School Union by Rev. Henry G. Spaulding.]

The work of a Normal Sunday-school class is designed to train Sunday-school teachers. It includes, first, giving definite and systematic instruction about the subjects which are to be taught in Sunday-school; and, secondly, giving definite and systematic instruction about the best methods of teaching. To accomplish the first of these objects we must have a comprehensive and logical scheme of studies. In this scheme Bible-lessons will hold the highest place, and these lessons will be arranged in a consecutive and ascending course of study. But with us Unitarians this scheme of lessons will include an independent course of ethical study. In Mr. Winkley's statement of the cardinal aims of Sunday-school teaching these five subjects are specified as covering the entire field of study; namely, virtue, morality, philanthropy, piety, and faith. Now, for Christian students the Bible is the great storehouse of teachings and illustrations relating to all these subjects, and Jesus is the ideal and exemplar of virtue, morality, philanthropy, piety, and faith. But virtue, morality, and philanthropy belong also to that great department of life and thought which we call *ethics;* and ethics may be profitably studied by and for themselves, without any direct reference to our Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. This is not saying that we can divorce religion and morality without causing each to suffer great and irreparable loss. When religion ceases to be a religion of duty as well as of love, it is worthless; and when ethics cease to regard man as the child of God no less than the bond-servant of conscience, ethics lose their purifying and conserving force. Nevertheless the Sunday-school teacher should try to understand what the wisest and best men of all ages have taught us concerning the right ordering of our lives, our duties to our neighbors, our fellow-citizens, and our fellow-men.

Therefore, in planning a course of lessons for a Sunday-school Normal class, I would first arrange a series of lessons on the Bible, aiming to impart more of the spirit than of the letter of the Scriptures, and expounding the word of God contained in the two Testaments with reference chiefly to those duties which we owe to ourselves, to others, and to God. And then I would add to these Bible-lessons an independent course of ethical studies.

But how is our Normal class to be taught the best methods of teaching? We must begin by recognizing the fact that teaching is to-day a science as well as an art. Theories alone, it is true, will not help us much. But, on the other hand, what is called practice is of little use *unless the practical is motived, informed, and guided by sound theory.* Guesswork teaching, empirical methods of education, even the following out of this or that teacher's experiments in the work, — these are ways of giving instruction which no longer commend themselves to thoughtful minds. "The seed is the word;" but the soil in which we are to sow the seed is the intellect, the heart, and the conscience of impressible human beings. Our problem as teachers is to make this soil receptive of the seed, to enrich it so that it shall be productive as well as receptive, and so to commit to it the precious seeds of truth that they will not fail to strike root and spring up into a vigorous growth. Who, then, can help us to solve this problem? First, the thinkers, who have sounded the depths and surveyed the heights and compassed the circuit of this great field of human nature, over which the infinite heavens forever brood, around which the everlasting tides of the Spirit flow, while winds from far-off, infinite seas bring their quickening and their balm.

Says an eminent writer on the science of teaching: "Down very deep at the root of all our failures and successes there lie some philosophic truths — it may be of ethics or of physiology or of psychology — which we have either heeded or disregarded, and the full recognition of which is needed to make us perfect teachers." Why not, then, seek to grasp these philosophic truths? Why not try to master these laws of the mind's operations, of the action of the will and the growth of the emotions? Study children themselves, you will perhaps suggest, rather than read books about children. Yes. But *how* to study them is the unsolved problem. What we teachers urgently need is the guiding light of a sound mental philosophy, in order that we may see clearly those operations of the mind in the early stages of its development, on a knowledge of which depends very much of our success in reaching the minds of our pupils.

In the second place, there is the *science of questioning,* — of making the right approach to the child's faculties and of calling his powers into active exercise, so that what we teach shall be properly assimilated and minister to moral and spiritual growth.

These are but *hints* on Normal-class teaching; for the subject is too large to be fully unfolded at this time.

To sum up what has been said: —

1. Our Normal class must be thoroughly and systematically instructed in the subject-matter of their teaching, in the literature, the characters, and the great ethical and spiritual teachings of the Bible, and in the science of ethics, comprehending the rights and duties of human beings in all their relations as neighbors, citizens, and fellow-men.

2. The class must be taught so much of mental philosophy, of psychology, and of the science of teaching as will enable them to understand something of *that marvellous instrument,* the soul of a child, from which, by the skilful striking of its many-voiced strings, they are to evoke the music which is the harmony of the world, — the choral symphony of earth and heaven.

If you would live in an atmosphere of benevolence, make it your study to be always rendering others services, and never hesitate to ask the same of them. In offering help, you make a step toward gaining a friend; in asking it, you please by this mark of your confidence — *Selected.*

Our Book Table.

CLASS A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

DANDELION CLOCKS AND OTHER TALES. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. New York : E. & Y. B. Young & Co. pp. 55. Price 30 cents.

THE PEACE EGG: A Christmas Tale. By the same author. pp. 58. Price 30 cents.

(These books were received from Clark & Carruth.)

The story which gives its title to the first of these books is a pleasing tale of child-life in Holland. In this, as in the companion tales of the little volume, Mrs. Ewing employs her superior art as a story-teller for the pleasure and profit of children under ten years of age.

"The Peace Egg" is one of those sweet stories of love overcoming hate which Mrs. Ewing tells so well. It is full of interest for young children and teaches a beautiful lesson. The "mumming-play," on which the story turns, is appended, and is specially interesting in connection with the observances of Christmas-tide in "Merrie England."

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

BETWEEN WHILES. By Helen Jackson (H. H.). Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 304. Price $1.25.

Five charming love-stories and a picturesque allegory make up this volume. The stories are in the author's best vein. Alike in their pathos, their sentiment, and their humor, they are wholesome reading. The characters are natural, the scenes have a homelike interest, and the conversation is true to life and cheery in tone. Short tales of such good quality for reading "between whiles" are a pleasure for vacation hours.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

PRISONERS OF POVERTY. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 257. Price $1.00.

The latest volume from the pen of this popular writer on social topics is a series of pathetic sketches too realistic to be wholesome reading for youthful minds, but admirably adapted to awaken an interest in older readers in behalf of those whom the close competitions of our modern business life and "man's inhumanity to man" make in bitter truth *prisoners of poverty*. Like Helen Jackson's "Ramona," this book has a "mission." No sympathetic reader can lay it aside without feeling a deeper compassion for those whom the hard conditions of a life into which they were born or have fallen lead into temptations that should be removed, and into sufferings that ought to be prevented.

CHRISTIANITY AND HUMANITY. Sermons by Thomas Starr King : with a Memoir by E. P. Whipple. 7th edition. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 380. Price $1.50.

These sermons by one of the noblest preachers of the Unitarian church should be read by every Sunday-school teacher who wishes to feel the word once spoken in Palestine *revivified*, — "restored as nearly as possible to its original temperature and glow." Here are great truths grandly stated, presented in the dress of a fascinating eloquence, and illustrated by rich imagery drawn from Nature and human life. As the author of the valuable memoir of Mr. King which prefaces the sermons pertinently says : "There is not a discourse in the present volume which has not for its object the vitalizing of Scripture language so as to quicken the spiritual principles underlying all efficient moral action." When such spiritual teachings are conveyed in a literary style of the highest charm, they may fitly be described as "apples of gold in baskets of silver."

Our Question-Box.

What is the price by the hundred of the new book of Temperance Services?

At the same rate as single copies. The question of our correspondent leads us to remark that it is the policy of the Sunday-school Society to put all its publications at the lowest possible prices in order to give them the widest circulation in the schools. At ordinary prices for books this little volume of fifty pages, containing several pages of music, would sell for at least 25 cents per copy. We sell it for 10 cents. Not only is no profit on it possible at this price, but we could not sell it so low had not generous friends contributed money to aid in this special work. But we want our Sunday-school teachers and superintendents to understand that practically our publications yield no profit, and are sold at almost literally cost prices. To carry on therefore this very important work from year to year the expenses of the business must be defrayed by the contributions from the churches.

Can ethics be taught?

Why not? We cannot make children good simply by showing them what is good. Yet it is important that every child should understand what things are right, and be helped to see clearly the duties that ought to be done and the wrong-doing that should be avoided. But no wise teacher will ever stop with this kind of teaching. She will do all she can to awaken and cultivate a love of the right, — to make the child "enamoured of Duty." Livingstone, who first used this phrase, said that he loved whatever he had to do. Wordsworth in his grand ode represents Duty as "wearing the Godhead's most attractive grace." We must seek to win children to the service of this divinity by making them feel how beautiful right living is; and let us not fail to impress upon them the *motives* which actuate virtuous conduct, the sense of God's presence, the consciousness of his love, the feeling of human brotherhood, the immortality of the "sweet and virtuous soul," that "like seasoned timber never gives."

Is it worth while to try to get our pupils to study their lessons?

Most assuredly. The boy who said, "It don't make any difference in Sunday-school whether a fellow knows his lesson or not, nor whether he stands at the head or the foot of the class," passed a just censure on the school. Let children feel that knowledge of moral and religious truth is of less value and needs less effort to gain it, and they will come in time to hold such knowledge in contempt. Try to inspire in your pupils a love of what you are teaching them. Help them to see that the study of the Bible and of ethics is worth all the time and thought they can give to it. Awaken their ambition to do well in their recitations. Appeal to their parents to help you in fostering this interest in the studies of the Sunday-school. Above all, feel yourself and make the children feel that careless and slovenly work in Sunday-school is an injury to character, since anything that is so well worth doing, is worth doing well.

Are not our pupils already so much overworked in the day-school that it is unreasonable to ask them to prepare their Sunday-school lessons?

This complaint, that the demands of the day-school interfere with the proper preparation of Sunday-school lessons, sounds reasonable, but is in reality only an excuse of which children seek to avail themselves to cover up their lack of interest in religious studies. It may not be their fault that such studies do not interest them. But it is simply absurd to claim that they have no time for doing all that is asked of them in the way of preparation for the Sunday-school. The will, not the time, is wanting. Our Orthodox friends set us an example on this point that we might profitably follow. The study of the International Sunday-School lesson is made a family concern. Old and young study together, beginning often at the beginning of the week, talking over the lesson-topic together, looking up references in dictionaries and encyclopædias, — in short, *making* it an interesting pursuit, and cultivating the habit and the love of Bible-study. We Unitarians are not working the Sunday-school for anything like what it is worth.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

THE meeting of Sunday-school teachers in the Second Church on Tuesday afternoon of Anniversary Week was both delightful and profitable. Mrs. Wells presided with ease and dignity, and offered many valuable and practical suggestions. Miss Lucy Wheelock's blackboard lesson-talk was instructive, and full of interest for teachers. Many excellent short speeches were made, experiences in teaching or in charitable work were related, and the need of trying to address religious and moral truth to the eyes as well as to the ears of children was specially emphasized. Rev. J. L. Jones of Chicago, Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, Rev. T. R. Slicer of Providence, Mrs. Wilkes of Sioux City, Dakota, Mrs. Everett of Somerville, and Mrs. Slicer of Providence were among the speakers.

In the Unitarian Sunday-school in Jackson, Mich., the Superintendent has a class of young men and young women, twenty-six in the class, from which he chooses each Sunday one member to be the teacher for the following Sunday. The plan, he writes, is working admirably. We should think that sort of class ought to furnish to the school a good supply of experienced teachers.

We hear of open-air picnics and garden fairs which our young people are getting ready in aid of the "Country Week" and the "Fresh Air Fund." Some of the suburban Sunday-schools near Boston are introducing the custom of receiving for a half-holiday children from the Orphan Asylum and the Children's Mission, and entertaining them with outdoor sports and a bountiful "collation."

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.